

### Mission to Rome.

Would Mr. W. think of expelling  
friend of his for such a matter as had happened

themselves indifferent to the atrocious and unheard-of crime. The people of Caracas, the virtuous people, notwithstanding the excitement

J. G. Fee,  
Abraham Garrett.

shilling from a poor devil of an Indian who has realized he  
a dollar or a dollar from ice brought by him from Popocate-

clear apprehension of its distant consequences.

general direction of the movement is clearly

[To be continued.]

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# LITERARY EXAMINER.

For the Examiner.

The following lines were written on reading the Poem, "The Wants of Man," by the Hon. John Quincy Adams, when it was first published, in 1841. They have never been seen since, and if the Editor of the Examiner chooses to give them a place in his interesting and valuable paper, they are at his service.

F. W. H.

"I want the voice of honest praise  
To follow me behind,  
And to be thought of in future days,  
The friend of human kind;  
That after ages rise and fall,  
Exulting may proclaim,  
In choral union to the skies,  
Their blessings on my name."

J. Q. Adams.

Thou, patriot, pure and uncorrupt!  
In a degenerate age,  
Thou wilt, at least, be faithful;  
For bright on history's page,  
In glorious companionship  
With those who love their race,  
And sought its highest happiness,  
Thy name shall have a place.  
Give to the miser gains and gold!  
Wine to the bacchanal;  
For pleasure's giddy votary  
Light up the festive hall;  
Let him who toils for place and power,  
Attain his loftiest aim;  
What are they all, when weigh'd against  
Thy bright unselfish fame?

I look far down the stream of time,  
Our land, the young, the free,  
Hath long been cover'd by the moss  
Of hoar antiquity.  
No deep, dark forest waves in pride  
Through all the wide domain,  
But crowded cities skirt the hills,  
And fill the laughing plain.

And hurrying on with eager step,  
The thronging millions pass,  
Floating as shadows on the sun,  
Or dew drops on the grass:  
O'er all the boundless continent  
Like leaves in autumn shed,  
The wise, the good are laid to rest  
With the forgotten dead.

And many a name that once was borne  
On fame's loud trumpet blast,  
Comes dimly up, as from a cloud  
Beams feebly forth, a star.  
But hark, a halo pure and bright  
Encircles it around;  
With double immortality  
Thy virtuous life is crown'd.

## Brunswick.

On coming out of the old church, I looked at the knightly epitaphs in the walls, and the ancient buildings that lay round about in the streets. The old senate-house was transformed into a wine-cellar, though it still stood in all its Gothic reverence, with the large stone balcony, and between every pillar was a princely knight, with his consort, carved in stone, of a natural size.

In a remote corner of the city, near one of the gates, there is a large and beautiful garden, belonging to a merchant. It is open to the public; and on the facade of the house stands, "Salve Hospes!" Here was a forest of exotic flowers, and fruit-trees, which, planted in large tubs, stood round about the house. All was flower and fragrance. From a place in the garden, which led to an arm of the river Ocker, we had one of the sweetest landscapes imaginable. It was a bleaching ground—a large meadow, full of yellow flowers. At some distance lay several villages, between the beeches and tall poplars, and in the distant horizon, the Hartz with the Brocken, which, like a grey storm-cloud, rose up between the other sunlit mountains: it was a finished picture! In the mountains themselves we have background, without foreground, and in the plains, it is the contrary—foreground enough, but no background; here were both, and as finely distributed as one could wish. I saw a young painter sketching the clouds and airy part of the picture. People walked past, without noticing him. And so near the city! He should have been at Copenhagen. I remember one of our most famous landscape-painters once told me, that he one evening took a walk along the banks of the Pebling lake, in order to study the appearance of the sky. Delighted with its beautiful reflection on the surface of the water, he stood and looked into it; when a crowd soon collected about him, and all asked, "Is any one drowned?"

"I walked past Heinrich Love's old castle, by moonlight, the large copper lion stood quietly on its pedestal, and looked in to the castle on the new generation, which, in soldiers' uniforms, peeped out of all the windows.

On the third day after my arrival, I left Brunswick, by the "Schneelpost," and fell into company with two young lieutenants, who traveled incognito, as majors; they directly made me a professor, and, as it costs nothing by way of tax for the title, I submitted to it with Christian patience. We had, besides, a servant-maid of about forty years of age, who was to meet the family at Gotha; and an old original school-master, with whom we must try to be better acquainted. The woman was of a character between the melancholy and the sanguine; she was in tears every moment, because just on that day, the great annual target shooting was to take place in Brunswick, which she had so great a desire to be present at; but now it was the third year she had been obliged to travel on this way.

I parted company with all my fellow-travelers except the school-master, at the first station; where there was placed in a less carriage, where there was only room for four persons; the hearts thus came corporeally nearer, and I had not but one figure to occupy myself with. He was a man of about sixty years of age, a little slender being, with lively eyes, a black velvet skull cap on his head. He was the express image of Jean Paul's *schulmeisterlein*. With, from Avenhill. My schoolmaster was from a little Hanoverian town, and was going to visit an old friend in Gotha, with whom he would, like myself, ascend the mountains for the first time. He was one of those happy beings whose contentment allies itself with fancy, and twines flowers around every stub; for whom the narrow room extends itself to a fairy palace; and which can suck honey from the least promising flower. With almost childish pride, he told me about his little town, which to him was the world's centre; it had also increased in cultivation in latter times, and had a private theatre.

"Yes," said he, "you shall see it! There is no one would ever think of its having been a stable before. The stalls are painted with violins and flutes, by an old painter; and the music itself, yes I faith, it is really good, for such a small town!—two violins, a clarinet and a great drum they play very nicely."

"I know not really how it can be, but music goes strangely into the heart, and I can well imagine how it must be with the little angels in heaven. But with us, now, we don't pretend to those hocus pocuses and tra-la-las, which they have in Brunswick and Berlin. No, our old sexton, who is the leader, gives us a good honest Polish tune, and a Molinsky between the acts; our women join in with them, and we old fellows beat time on the floor with our sticks. It is a real pleasure!"

"And how of the acting?" I asked.

"Charming! for, you must know, in order that those who perform may have courage to appear before us, they are gradually accustomed to it at the rehearsals; and at the general rehearsal every house must send two servants, that the benches may be filled, and that they who perform may have courage."

"It must indeed be a great pleasure—" "A pleasure!" interrupted he, "yes, in our hearts' simplicity we all amuse ourselves, and don't envy them in Berlin. But we have also splendid scenery, machinery, drop-curtains, and performances. On the first drop-scene we have the town fire-engine, and the jet stands just as in nature. But they are altogether painted—beautifully painted. The drop-scene representing the street is the finest; there we have our town-market, and it is so distinct, that every one can see his own house, play whatever piece they may. The worst thing we have, is the little iron chandelier; the candles drip so terribly, that if there be ever so many persons present there is always a large space under the chandelier. Another fault, for I am not the man to praise everything, another fault is, that many of our women when they act, and happen to know any one on the seats, directly glances and nod to them. But, goodness gracious, the whole is only pleasure!"

"But when there are no performances in the winter, it must be very quiet in your little town; the long evenings—"

"O, they go on quite delightfully. My wife, both the children, and the servant girl, sit down to spin; and when all the four wheels are going, I read aloud to them; so the work goes on easier, and the time flies away. On Christmas-eve we play for ginger-bread nuts, and apple-fritters, whilst the poor children sing outside the doors about Christmas joys and the infant Jesus—and that brings the tears in my eyes, although I am so inwardly glad."

Thus the current of conversation ran rapidly on, whilst the vehicle moved slowly forward on the sandy road.—*Rambles, &c., by Hans Christian Andersen.*

## Foot Coach Companions.

Our names were not asked, but our country, every one got a name after some remarkable man or woman there, and thus we formed a kind of celebrated personages. I, as a Dane, was called Thorvald; my neighbor, a young Englishman, Shakespeare. The student himself could not be less than Claudius; but with our three opposite neighbors he was somewhat perplexed. One was a young girl, about eighteen years of age, who accompanied her uncle, an old apothecary, from Brunswick; he was at last obliged to call her Miss Mamma, and the uncle, Henry Love. But the last of the passengers was quite anonymous, as we could not find any famous characters in that otherwise salt-producing town, Lyneborg, whence she came. She was, therefore, a step-child; and it appeared as if she had often been treated as such, for she smiled with a strange sadness, when we could not find a name for her in the society. This circumstance caused me to regard her more particularly. She was about fifty years of age, had a brown skin, and some traces of the small-pox; but there lay something interesting in her dark eyes—something deeply sad, even when she smiled. We heard that she kept a school for young girls in Lyneborg, lived quietly there in a small house, and had now, for the first time, but only for a few days, been in Hamburg. I scarcely heard her speak a word the whole way; but she smiled kindly at our jests, and looked good-naturedly happy at the young girl, every time she laughed heartily at what we said.

In the midst of my chatter she was the most interesting to me, on account of her silence. As we rolled into Lyneborg's narrow streets, where the houses stood in the moonlight, so old, and with their pointed gables, so cloister-like, I heard her speak for the first time.

"Now I am at home!" she said. "We alighted; the old apothecary offered her his arm to conduct her home—it was close by—and the rest accompanied her. It was about eleven o'clock; everything was so still in this strange old town; its houses, with pointed gables, low windows, and out-buildings round about, looked singular in the bright moonlight. The watchman had a large rattle, which he made pretty free use of—singing his verse—and rattled again. "Welcome home, Miss!" said he, in the midst of his song; he nodded, and mentioned his name as she went up the high stone steps—here she lived. I saw her nod her farewell, and disappear behind the door.—*Rambles, &c., by Hans Christian Andersen.*

How this gentleman's travels has puzzled me! I have met the same man at a distance of more than a hundred miles! I presume he must always keep to the canal country. His paraphernalia occupy a large space; he is peculiar in many things; he wears no tail, but makes up for it with the dirt he carries. The whole fraternity have the same idiotic look which characterises the Buddhist priest, whom they much resemble in appearance. He displays the jaws and bones of the tiger, elephant, shark, whale, in short of almost all animals; diseased livers, tumours, &c.; sea-weeds, gigantic fungus, in short everything that is horrible and disagreeable. If he succeed in decoying a patient, he, besides supplying medicines, punctures or inserts hot needles into the diseased parts, or burns moxa upon it, chanting all the time amid the fumes of incense and candles. Before leaving he loads the patient with medicines of a very harmless nature for a trifling sum, and pays the most profound respect and attention to all suggestions or questions from the crowd.—*Forbes's China.*

## Made of the Nightingale.

But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet, loud music, out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that, at midnight, should hear, as I have very often, the clear air, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, Lord! what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou afford'st them such music on earth.—*Izaak Walton.*

## Sorrow.

"Sorrow—sorrow—fall of sorrow;  
Not a stone within the street  
But—'if it could weep'—  
Would the self-same strain repeat!  
Youth of struggle and endurance;  
Woe's unshod downward hurled;  
Age, but with one last assurance  
Centered in another world!"

Sorrow—sorrow—fall of sorrow,  
Year to year we onward go,  
Seeking hope in that to-morrow,  
Which, when sought, deceives us so!  
Oh! when friendship, kindness,  
Often ye ye friend's help;  
Often pay ye by in blindness  
Wretches that live to weep."  
—*Charles Stieglitz.*

Account of the Brocken.  
Goslar now lay behind me; between the mountains the road led past a mill, where the weary journeyman was struggling in the doorway with a girl, to get a kiss.

A steep bank, where the yellow ochreous earth shone forth, rose close by, with the ruins of an old watch-tower. The prospect now became more extensive; Ocker-dalen (the Ocker-dale) with its smelting-huts, lay around us. The black smoke curled in the air, and contrasted strangely with the blue-white mists about the mountains. The fierce red fire burnt within the huts, and the smelted ore ran down, like lava, with green and white flames, into a gutter over the floor.

A little path led us over field and meadow, into the green leafy wood, which, however, soon changed for the old dark pine. Round about were several springs of water, so that the earth in several places stood in a marsh; and my guide plumped in to the knees. We met several wandering students, in white traveling blouses, and with flowers in their caps; another party had three or four large dogs with them, and looked not unlike Carl Moor's whoopers. The forest resounded with whistling and shouting, but I neither saw nor heard any other birds in that large and quiet forest.

Of the ruins of Harzburg there was too little to see, and of bushes round about there were too many, so that there was scarcely any prospect. We came up with a wandering postman, who was going to Blankenburg; he told us that on this road, within the last two years, there had been many "Spitzbuben" (knaves and robbers), and that even now it was not always safe at night; and strange enough it was, that as he told this, the forest at once became thicker, much darker, and consequently, also, far more solemn.

A thunder-cloud gathered over us, and the first discharge of heaven's artillery rolled between the mountains as we entered the village of Ilseburg.

The baronial castle here is finely situated, but appeared somewhat ruinous. The netles grew up high before the walls, whence the red fragments of stone had fallen down into the river.

The Brocken was quite enveloped in the large thunder-cloud, which darted its lightning down amongst the pine-trees; yet after a rest of a few hours, I determined to ascend the mountain.

A fresh guide announced himself, the thunder was past, and we set off through the beautiful valley Ilseled. "Beautiful!" How little does there not lie in the mere word! Yet the painter himself, cannot with his living colors, represent nature in all its greatness; how, then, should the poet be able to do it with words? No; could tones become corporeal; could we paint with tones, as with pen and ink, then we should be able to represent the spiritual, that which seizes the heart when the bodily eye sees a new and wondrously charming scene of nature.

The river Ilse ran on with a stormy current by the side of our path; high pine-covered mountains lay on both sides. The naked rock Ilsestein, with a large iron cross on its highest point, rose perpendicularly in the air; it made one's neck ache to look up to this height; and yet when we stood on the Brocken the eye looks far down in search of it. The opposite side is a rocky wall of similar exterior; everything around indicates that these rocks, by some mighty convulsion of nature, have been risen asunder, thereby forming a bed for the river Ilse. In this mighty rock, says the legend, lives the beautiful Princess Ilse, who, with the first beams of the morning sun, rises from her couch, and bathes herself in the clear stream; happy is he who finds her there; but only few have seen her, for she fears the sight of man, though she is good and kind.

"When the deluge blotted out man from the earth, the waters of the Baltic also rose high, high up into Germany; the beautiful Ilse then fled, with her bridegroom, from the northern lands here towards the Hartz, where the Brocken seemed to offer them a retreat. At length they stood on this enormous rock, which projected far above the swelling sea; the surrounding lands were hidden under the waves; huts, human beings, and animals had disappeared. Alone they stood, arm in arm, looking down on the waves as they broke against the rock. But the waters rose higher; in vain they sought an uncovered piece of rock where they could ascend the Brocken, that lay like a large island amid the stormy sea. The rock on which they stood then trembled under them, an immense cleft opened itself there, and threatened to tear them away; still they held each other's hands; the side walls bore forward and backward; they fell together into the rushing flood. From her the river Ilse has obtained its name, and she still lives with her bridegroom within the flinty rock."

We proceeded further into the forest; the way began to wind upwards towards the Brocken; the declining sun could not shine in between the thick pines, round about lay the huts of charcoal-burners, enveloped in a bluish smoke, so that the whole had a still, strange, and romantic character.

The road went more and more upwards; round about lay enormous masses of rock. The river rushed over the large blocks, and formed a succession of waterfalls. Sometimes the channels of the river were hemmed in between two narrow cliffs, where the black stream then boiled with a snow-white foam; sometimes it rushed on, broad and unchecked, between the fallen pines, and carried the large green branches with it. As we continued to ascend, the bed of the river became less—the stream diminished as it were, to a spring; and at last we saw only the large water-drops that bubbled forth from the rocks.

The Brocken gave me an idea of a northern tumulus, and that on a grand scale. Here stone lies piled on stone, and a strange silence rests over the whole. Not a bird twitters in the low pines; round about are white grave-fosses, growing in the high moss, and stones lie in masses on the sides of the mountain-top.

We were now on the top, but everything was in a mist. We stood in a cloud, and a choir of music sounded clearly from the inn up here. There were about forty travelers there; some of them had brought instruments with them, and were playing merrily from "Fra Diavolo," "Massanello," and other popular pieces.

Three thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, in the midst of a cloud, but behind a few foot walls—here I sat in a little room, and warmed myself by the hot stove. The mattresses of the bed were stuffed with sea-weed from Denmark; thus I could lie down to rest on Danish ground high aloft in the clouds.—*Rambles, &c., by Hans Christian Andersen.*

## This World and Another.

He who considers this earthly spot as the only theatre of his existence and his grave, instead of his first stage in progressive being, can never view nature with a cheerful, or man with a benevolent eye.—*Pope to Swift.*

I know instances in which, for several mornings previous to the occurrence of a calamity, persons have awakened with a painful sense of misfortune, for which they could not account, and which was dispersed as soon as they had time to reflect that there had no cause for uneasiness. This is the only kind of premonition I ever experienced myself; but it has occurred to me twice, in a very marked and unmistakable manner. As soon as the intellectual life of the brain, and the eternal world broke in, the instinctive life receded, and the intuitive knowledge was obscured, and according to Dr. Ennemoser's theory, the polar relations changed, and the nerves were busied with conveying sensuous impressions to the brain, their sensibility or positive state now being transferred from the internal to the external periphery. It is by the contrary change that Dr. Ennemoser seeks to explain the insensibility to pain of mesmerized patients.

A lady dreamt that her aunt, who resided at some distance, was murdered by a black servant. Impressed with the liveliness of the vision, she could not resist going to the house of her relation, where the man she had dreamt of, whom I think she had never seen before, opened the door to her. Upon this she induced a gentleman to watch in the adjoining room during the night; and towards morning hearing a foot upon the stairs, he opened the door and discovered the black servant carrying up a coal-scuttle full of coals, for the purpose, as he said, of lighting his mistress's fire. As this motive did not seem very probable, the coals were examined and a knife found hidden amongst them, with which he afterwards confessed, he intended to have murdered his mistress, provided she made any resistance to a design he had formed, of robbing her of a large sum of money, which he was aware she had that day received.—*Mrs. Crowe's Night-side of Nature.*

## On the Training of Children.

Something has occurred which has brought me into conflict of mind; how far to restrain young persons in their pleasures, and how far to leave them at liberty. The longer I live, the more difficult do I see education to be; more particularly, as it respects the religious restraints that we put upon our children; to do enough, and not too much, is a most delicate and important point. I begin seriously to doubt, whether as it respects the peculiar scruples of Friends, it is not better, quite to leave sober-minded young persons to judge for themselves.—Then the question arises—When does one's age arrive? I have such a fear that in so much mixing religion with those things which are not delectable, we may turn them from the thing itself. I see, feel, and know, that where these scruples are adopted from principle, they bring a blessing with them; but where they are only adopted out of conformity to the views of others, I have very serious doubts whether they are not a stumbling block.—*Life of Elizabeth Fry.*

## From the (Dublin) Nation.

It thunders in the ocean,  
It laughs among the hills,  
It screams with sea-bird from the cliff,  
And leaps in mountain rills.  
The glorious news—the glorious news to him  
Who fetters Sicily, has rent her despot's chains—  
That Sicily has shaken from her beauteous man-  
gled breast,  
The hateful yoke which so long hath  
Wrought her soul's unrest—  
Has offered up her tyrant's strength and all his  
hiring slaves  
A holocaust to Freedom on the Bandiera's  
grave!  
Rejoice bold forest dwellers by the Vistula  
and Don,  
And hero-hearts of France rejoice, your goal is  
within your grasp—  
But pallid foes, all beside the Liffey, Boyne  
and Lee—  
What! selfish, cold, asunder still, ye only won't  
be free!  
At woman's deeds and lava words  
The soul of Freedom came  
Ho! Sicily's breast of beauty  
Hides old Etna's heart of flame!

Festa! L'una, peerless maiden, mounted on  
your rushing steed,  
How you heard your charging columns in their  
swelling ranks!  
Your spurs plume in dancing 'mid our foe-  
men's bloody ranks.  
Viva! viva!—'tis broke at last, that foreigner  
phalanx,  
And now, to tend the wounded, Beauty flies  
with healing cheer—  
The loveliest, proudest of the land, so holy and  
so meek!  
Ye daughters fair of fair Ireland, will ye be  
glad and wise?  
Will ye bind up your country's wounds, and  
soothe her aching sighs?  
Subdue her for your kinsmen's hearts; for unto  
you belongs  
The right of alien fashion's spite to weep your  
country's wrongs.  
Like the chime of marriage bells;  
The blessed wedding music  
With holy Angel's psells.

The blessed winds that winged the news that  
stout Palermo's sons  
Have trampled alien tyranny, despite its glaives  
and guns.  
To free their land—their native land—the pen-  
sant and the peer  
Unite—no mad class-selfishness or pale distrust  
in her—  
The heir of old Sicilian race—the prince, of  
conquered heir—  
Sicilian, Greek blood mingling with the Nor-  
man's, Spaniard's; and  
Though sprung from races of foe of yore, that  
marital part had,  
To-day they know one common foe, one com-  
mon father-land.  
Unite! dwellers in this land, like them, for  
native right,  
Oh! sons of martyred Ireland, unite, unite,  
unite!  
G. N. S.

## Chinese Fortune-teller.

The fortune-teller is a cunning rascal; he is seated under an awning, before him his magic mirror, books, pencils, ink, &c. So intent is he on his studies, that the vociferations of a country-looking bumpkin, which have attracted a crowd of gazers, have failed to awaken him. Slowly he rouses himself from the trance of his meditations, and with a mysterious shudder and start he excuses himself hastily, shuts his book with an air, talks of the spirits having deceived him, in causing him to believe that a poor man, destined to fill a high office, humbly awaited him at the gate of celestial bliss; is much surprised when his clownish customer calls upon him to unfold his prophetic powers, and relate what heaven may have in store for him. Having asked him if he is sure they have not met before, which question confirms the bumpkin in the opinion that he must have been the cause of this extraordinary vision, he places a stool for him opposite, and then commences the divination of futurity. After asking a few questions, he places his mirror so as to reflect the heavens, and inscribes thereon certain mystic signs, these he continually changes (having referred to a number of books and talking all the time aloud), writhing now and then on a slip of paper; he at last fills up all he requires, and hands it to the delighted and deluded simpleton; then falling into a reverie awaits the arrival of another, who is not slow in arriving; one fool makes many, and the trade is a good one.—*Forbes's China.*

Returning one day from Tien Thung, a party of five of us agreed, as a matter of curiosity, to sit down to a regular tavern dinner. By great good luck, one of the party happened to be the consular interpreter, who induced his linguist and teacher to take the chair: to him, a fine old Chinese gentleman, of convivial habits and great information, we left the entire management, stipulating only that the dinner should be the best that the first tavern in Ningpo could produce. He promised to take us to one in the principal street which he himself frequented. He was to direct us in the most accomplished way of dining à la Chinese, and to illustrate the course, in order that our repeat should be perfectly à la mode. I have unfortunately forgotten the beautiful collection of monosyllables that composed his name. In the lobby of our hotel was a tempting display of, to us, very novel delicacies, illustrative of mine host's proficiency in his calling, together with a cloud of steam and a most variegated odour. Calling the waiter our *major domo* ordered that every dish the house could provide should be served as soon as possible, at the same time requiring a private apartment. The waiter (whose dress was not calculated to impede his movements much, consisting of a pair of short unmentionables, it being the height of summer) led the way up stairs, through a large apartment, in which at small tables, one or two at each, sat respectfully dressed Chinese, taking their afternoon meal, or conversing over a cup of hot sam-soon, into a neatly furnished small apartment. No sooner had we entered than a pipe-bearer, with necessary paraphernalia, introduced a pipe (technically a bubble-bubble) into the mouth of one of the party, who, being told by our preceptor that it was *selon le regle*, drew a whiff or two and passed it on to another, and so on all round. After a few moments' delay tea was served, succeeded by six small saucers, containing separately sugar-candy, cherries, dried peas of melons, walnuts, ground-nuts, and brown sugar; these, we were informed, were for our amusement, while the landlord prepared a dinner worthy the reputation of his establishment; our Chinese friend beguiling the time with anecdotes of heroes who had distinguished themselves in the convivial life, and heroes with a vengeance they must have been, if these stories of their mighty appetite, and grand exploits of gourmandising had any foundation in fact. Soon the advanced guard made its appearance, consisting of several small basins, filled with soups and stews of birds' nests, beche-de-mer, sea-slugs, and other light and stimulating delicacies, patties of shrimps, &c., fried in pork-fat, salted and boiled eggs, and boiled and stewed vegetables (salt, pepper, soy, and oil, in smaller saucers, were in every part of the table.) These were given to understand, were mere provocatives of appetite, intended as a foundation for more substantial fare; they were ranged in a line round the table, leaving an open square in the centre. The best wines were now produced, warm, in small metal pots (not unlike coffee pots), and poured into very small China cups; our *maitre de ceremonie*, took our queue, and, seizing the diminutive vessel in both hands, we half rose, and reaching across in direction of the person whom we wished to honor until both vessels met, when, each making a profound bow, and Chin-chin, we reseated ourselves, and emptied the cup, which was no sooner empty than refilled by our officious Gany-me.

Before each of us were two or three small basins to serve as plates, and a pair of chop-sticks. The repast might be said now to have commenced in earnest, with the appearance of a large bowl of stewed mutton, by no means bad, which was placed at an angle of the square, at which each pecked with chop-sticks, and the more finished example was set by our accomplished friend, breaking a piece with his own chop-sticks, giving us, at the same time, to understand that it was highly complimentary, and handing it over to me. After an interval of ten minutes, viz-a-viz to the stewed mutton, appeared a corresponding bowl with the tripes of a rare fish, found on the coast of Coromandel. Our Chinese friend was an epicure, and this a favorite dish with him, and he was now in his glory, and did full justice to it in no equivocal manner. The other angles, at equal intervals, were occupied by stewed fowl and puff-dumplings, and these four surmounted by a dish of salted blubber. The pile of five dishes being complete, so was the course, followed by other piles of five dishes, consisting of stews of fowls, ducks, puddings stewed in gravies, kabobs, sweetmeats, gelatinous soups and vegetables, to the number of thirty, in fact, every variety of fish, and pastry, when it was agreed we should move that the repast be brought to an end, upon which everything was removed but the salt, &c., when, all of a sudden, a stewed duck with some peculiar sauce appeared.—We had all, with the exception of the Chinaman, long cried "Hold enough!" but when that worthy, after many vain attempts to cheer us up, told us of an extensive friend of his, who, having died, topped off with six ducks out of compliment to him as host; we could not do otherwise than make an effort to help him out of his difficulty, and managed the one before us: a bowl of rice for each concluded the feast. Our officious waiter now appeared with warm water, and dark colored and uninviting towel, which, to our astonishment, we rejected, when offered to us as a general finger-glass and napkin.

On calling for the reckoning we were whisperingly instructed by our friend to fee the waiter and pipe-bearer who would stand our friend with the landlord; they received a rupee each; presently they re-appeared with a long account which, when totalled, amounted to five dollars, or altogether a most extensive feast for about twenty-five shillings in all for six. The above, one might imagine, would have been a feast for the lord-mayor, aldermen, and all the civic dignitaries of Ningpo (if such had any existence), but it was served up extemporaneously; the dinner was on the table within a quarter of an hour of our ordering it; the waiter apologized, and said if more time were given a grander entertainment would be provided. The price of a good tavern dinner, consisting of fish, flesh, fowl, and entrées, would be about a shilling of our money; a common club dinner a mace, or fourpence.

## Feeling Remorseful.

There are scenes which soften the heart like the notes of soft music, and inspire that delicious melancholy which no person who has felt it once, would resign for the gayest pleasures. They awaken our best and purest feelings, disposing us to benevolence, pity, and friendship. Those, whom I love, I always seem to love more at such an hour as this. Yes, added he, with a sigh, the memory of those we loved—of times forever past—in such an hour as this, steals upon the mind like a strain of distant music in the stillness of night.—*Mysteries of Adol. pho.*

The Cottage Window.  
"Sitting at the cottage window  
Gazing on the myrtle bloom,  
What the summer daylight dying  
Mantle hill and vale with gloom;  
Colder falls the starry evening,  
Darker grows the narrow room;  
Still she lingers at the casement  
Gazing on the myrtle bloom."  
Sudden, like a rose, she blanches,  
Angel light is in her glance,  
Neck, and brow, and bosom flushes,  
As a step doth quail and shrinks;  
Sudden, pale as any moonlight  
Falling on a wintry shore,  
Fadeth cheek, and brow, and bosom,  
As that step is heard no more!  
"Never love nor hope," she saith,  
"If a breaking heart ye fear;  
Every blush of love betrayeth  
The heart's true state of despair."  
Thus, unto herself, she moaneth,  
"List'ning 'mid the deep'n'g gloom:  
Sitting at the cottage casement,  
Weeping o'er the myrtle bloom."  
—*Charles Stieglitz.*

I felt a sincere and deep respect for the old city, which the narrow streets and thronging masses of people helped to sustain. I really believe our coachman drove us up one street and down the other in order to show us the imposing greatness of the town for it lasted almost an eternity before we came to the 'Hotel de Baviere,' in 'Neue Jungfernstieg,' where we descended. Here within the city itself it looks well, as the Alster, which is broad and large, separates, as it were, the old town from the new. The high towers are reflected in the water, where the swans glide along, and the boats rock with their loads of well-dressed persons. The 'Jungfernstieg' is crowded with promenaders; and along here, where the one hotel lies by the side of the other, the doorways are thronged with waiters, upper-waiters, and upper-waiters' upper-waiters.

We will, however, not tarry here, but reserve our visit until the evening, when all is lighted up, although it can well bear being seen by daylight. We will venture into the crowd, amongst hackney coaches, shouting retailers of all kinds, flower girls from Verianden, and busy monied men from 'Change. It looks as if it were but one single shop—so thickly do they press on each other. The streets cross one another, and down towards the Elbe we find some to which the entrance is through a lobby, and where scarcely any one can live that exceeds a certain circumference, unless he live in them continually. I stuck my head into some of them, but durst not go further, for they reminded me of a dream I once had: how the houses in Ostergade, (East Street,) Copenhagen, where I was walking, also began to walk, but with their fronts towards each other, so that the streets had the appearance of these Hamburg streets; and as they made another step, I sat squeezed in between the walls, and could neither get forward nor backward—which was rather unpleasant.

Yet a swarm of children played about in them, quite pleased and satisfied in that half obscure Hamburger-world. A poor man was to be buried: four men bore the coffin, and the wife followed; they had some difficulty in passing through the narrow lane; the way was straight; not a sunbeam found its way down here—it was only when they had emerged into the broad streets that the sun-light fell on the humble coffin. I heard a story about this funeral, which is as poetically touching as this is true.

"Within this narrow street, high up in an equally narrow chamber, lay this poor corpse; the wife sat and wept over it; she knew of no expedient to get it buried—she had no means. The widow stood open, when a canary-bird flew into the room, and settled by the head of the corpse, where it began to sing; it made a strange impression on the woman; she could weep no longer, for she imagined it must have come down to her from the Lord. The bird was tame; it allowed itself to be caught directly; and as she related the circumstance to a neighbor, and showed her the bird, the woman remembered that she had shortly before read an advertisement in the newspaper about a canary-bird that had flown away from its home.

"It was the same bird; and the woman on restoring it to its owners, found there humane hearts, who rendered her such assistance as enabled her to bury the dead."—*Rambles, &c., by Hans Christian Andersen.*

## A Strange Dream.

A lady, not long since, related to me the following circumstance:—Her mother, who was at the time residing in Edinburgh, in a house, one side of which looked into a wynd, whilst the door was in the High-street, dreamt that, it being Sunday morning, she had heard a sound, which had attracted her to the window; and whilst looking out, had dropped a ring from her finger into the wynd below. That she had, thereupon, gone down in her night clothes to seek it; but when she reached the spot, it was not to be found. Returning, extremely vexed at her loss, as she regarded her own door she met a respectable looking young man, carrying some leaves of paper. On expressing her astonishment at finding a stranger there at so unseasonable an hour, he answered, by expressing his at seeing her in such a situation. She said she had dropped her ring, and had been round the corner to seek it; where, upon, to her delighted surprise, he presented her with her lost treasure. Some months afterwards, being at a party, she recognised the young man seen in her dream, and learnt that he was a baker. He took no particular notice of her on that occasion, and, I think, two years elapsed before she met him again. This second meeting, however, led to an acquaintance, which terminated in marriage. Here the ring and the bread are curiously emblematic of the marriage, and the occupation of the future husband.—*Mrs. Crowe's Night-side of Nature.*

## Curious Coincidences.

A lady and gentleman, in Berwickshire, were awakened one night by a loud cry, which they both immediately recognised to proceed from the voice of their son, who was then absent, and at a considerable distance. Tidings subsequently reached them that exactly at that period their son had fallen overboard and was drowned; and on another occasion, in Perthshire, a person aroused her husband, one night, saying that their son was drowned, for she had been awakened by the splash. Her presentiment also proved too well founded, the young man having fallen from the mast-head of the ship. In both cases we may naturally conclude, that the thoughts of the young man, at the moment of the accident, would rush home; and admitting Dr. Ennemoser's theory of polarity, the passive sleepers became the recipients of the force. I confess, however, that the opinions of another section of philosophers appear to me more german to the matter, although to many persons they will doubtless be difficult of acceptance, from their apertaining to those views commonly called mystical.—*Mrs. Crowe's Night-side of Nature.*